THE
NATION

OCTOBER 29, 1960 . . 25c

Campaign Without Heroes

CALIFORNIA'S COOL DEBATE

Francis M. Carney

NEW YORK: Cocktails and Candidates

Dan Wakefield

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

MEDICAL ETHICS and the COLD WAR

Dr. Victor W. Sidel

FRANCE: THE EDGE of CHAOS

Alexander Werth

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LETTERS

How Many Cheers?

Dear Sirs: One cheer for *The Nation* on behalf of its Aesopian ability to raise two cheers for Kennedy [issue of Oct. 15]. While you wait until November for the All-American boy from Massachusetts to "convince us that he is not just another cold warrior," this voter will continue to sulk.

In your haste to see the defeat of Dicky at the polls, you have relieved Jack of a great burden — he has gotten your vote and will manage, somehow, without the third cheer.

LEONARD S. AMADA

Dover, N.J.

Dear Sirs: To say that your editorial, "Two Cheers for Kennedy," is a disappointment is to grossly understate the real feelings aroused by it. Granted that politics is "the art of compromise," still . . . there is always the line past which the basic principle is undermined and one's soul goes over to the devil. . . .

DON DAVID

New York City

Dear Sirs: A most compelling argument for disgruntled Stevensonians, like myself, to vote for Senator Kennedy is that the nation will benefit from the superlative talents of Adlai Stevenson only in a Kennedy administration.

NED KEITH HOPKINS

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: A vote for Nixon is a vote for a full bomb. A vote for Kennedy is a vote for half a bomb. After all, a half bomb is better than a full bomb. It's been nice knowing everybody.

GEORGE KAUFFMAN

Berkeley, Calif.

Irrational Common Sense

Dear Sirs: Shouldn't someone point out that the "great debate" over the Quemoy-Matsu issue boils down to a remarkable endorsement of war as acceptable U.S. policy? As iterated and reiterated by Vice President Nixon and Senator Kennedy the problem presented to the electorate is: Should the U.S. fight to hold on to the Quemoy and Matsu islands: or should the U.S. fight only to hold on to the Pescadores islands and Formosa? The net result of this "debate" is to harden public opinion to accept the notion that we *must* fight for the Pescadores and Formosa.

This is the way public opinion is molded. Ask for the totally irrational, and the slightly less irrational is accepted as self-evident common sense.

HELEN MEARS

New York City

Right to Criticize

Dear Sirs: Mr. Anthony West's letter in your issue of Oct. 15, criticizing Mr. Emile Capouya's review of *The Denatured Novel*, is in singular bad taste, and it is also based on a faulty premise. Mr. West, apparently, would permit only novelists — he does not say whether they have to be good or bad — to deal with novels and works of criticism. By extension of the argument, he would have us accept the absurd conclusion that only the cook is the proper judge of the feast. . . . Mr. West, I believe, has written a number of critical reviews of social science works. Yet he is not a social scientist. . . . His letter has persuaded me, and I think we all have a right to insist that he do graduate work in the social sciences before he writes another review of a book in that area.

ARNOLD A. ROGOW

Stanford, Calif.

Where the Jails Were

Dear Sirs: Your reviewer, in commenting on my *Little Band of Prophets*: *The Gentle Fabians* [Sept. 17 issue], has some quite legitimate peeves about such matters as spelling inaccuracies. But when he takes me to task for saying that at the beginning of World War II "hundreds of thousands of British subjects" were imprisoned, "many for the duration," it is he who is refusing to admit *facts*. Unless, of course, he is unaware that at that time Indians were British subjects? Or perhaps he calls them "wogs"?

ANNE FREMANTLE

New York City

Dear Sirs: Mrs. Fremantle has only herself to blame. There is nothing in the context of her statement to suggest that she was talking about British subjects in India, or anywhere outside the British Isles. Allow me to quote the whole passage:

> By 1915 conscription had been accepted in Britain and the Government was already trying industrial coercion: "Imperial munitions of war urgently required by the navy and army are being held up by the present cessation of work," wrote Sir George (later Lord) Asquith [sic]. Still in those far off days when the Government ordered a resumption of work on Monday morning, March 19th, people could and did ask "by what authority did the Government order men back to work?" By the time World War II broke out, *habeas corpus* was supended retroactively a few weeks after the outbreak of hostilities, and hundreds of thousands of British subjects were imprisoned instantly, many for the duration, and no one any longer dreamed of questioning the Government's right to capture or coerce them.

KEITH HUTCHISON

Durham, Conn.

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The Nation, Oct. 29, 1960. Vol. 191. No. 14

The Nation published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1960, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. Tel: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three Years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign $1.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1960
VOLUME 191, No. 14

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Choice Confirmed

In the October 15 issue, *The Nation* declared its preference for Senator John F. Kennedy in the Presidential contest. Our correspondence columns sample a sharply adverse reaction on the part of some readers. A particularly vehement correspondent, Jigs Gardner, expresses his "disgust" with our decision. "Like all 'liberals' these days," writes Professor Gardner, "you would probably . . . support a Democrat under any circumstances (contrary to popular platitude, a 'liberal' is not an independent voter), but since Kennedy is so demonstrably awful and Nixon seems a demon, you, like many other 'liberals' at this point, have to fake up reasons to vote Democratic. The fact that Nixon tries to stifle discussion is certainly true and unpleasant, but if Kennedy were in Nixon's position and had the same opportunities I am quite sure he would behave in the same way. . . ."

The Nation's evaluation and extrapolation are different. Nixon's future behavior is predictable both on the basis of his record in office and his performance in the present campaign. About Kennedy's performance — if he is elected — one cannot be sure, but there are strong indications that he is inclined to appeal to reason, that he does not take naturally to demagoguery as does Nixon. Neither Kennedy nor Nixon should be held completely accountable for the American electoral system which, in its current flowering, puts a premium on nonsensical appeals to sentimentality, chauvinism and claptrap. Even so, Nixon insults the intelligence of the voters at every appearance; Kennedy does so only when he speaks before veterans' organizations, where there is something approaching an absolute compulsion for a candidate to prove he is not lacking in manly bellicosity.

The Nation feels that Walter Lippmann exaggerates when he writes, "It has been truly impressive to see the precision of Mr. Kennedy's mind, his immense command of the facts, his instinct for the crucial point, his singular lack of demagoguery and sloganeering, his intense concern and interest in the subject itself, the stability and steadfastness of his nerves and his coolness and his courage." But that the campaign has revealed a contrast between the two can hardly be doubted by anyone who has a TV set and uses it.

As *The Nation* said editorially, peace is the paramount issue and the crucial test of the candidates' eligibility. Nixon rose to eminence as a fomenter of the cold war in both its domestic and international aspects. Between the Soviets and the chauvinists at home, the mass of American voters has been thoroughly bedeviled. Nixon's technique is calculated to keep them permanently in a state of brainless nationalism.

Kennedy, on the contrary, has injected some elements of sense into this phase of the debate, as in his initial stand on Quemoy-Matsu. Nixon's tactics in this episode were typical: he seized on Kennedy's appeal to diplomatic and military reason to brand him as an appeaser of the Communists. He pictured himself, in effect, as the great leader who would not yield an inch of territory, who would maintain to the end the right of the Nationalists to blockade Foochow and Amoy even if the end were the beginning of World War III. This probably swung some votes; then, with his usual agility, Nixon tried to harvest the opposite side by retreating to the Administration position, although not mentioning the fact that Eisenhower persuaded Chiang Kai-shek to withdraw from the Tachens and has been trying to get him to reduce his forces on Quemoy and Matsu. Kennedy also retreated, passing up a chance to add himself to his profiles in courage, but his first position was both more principled and more prudent than anything Nixon has exhibited in his whole political life.

A similar contrast is shown in the statements of the two men on the U-2 incident. The Democratic platform deplores the mishandling of that disastrous flight; Nixon as much as says that there will be no more in-

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cursions with that particular aircraft because it has lost its usefulness, but that he will find other means. This is the same Nixon who favored dropping nuclear bombs to relieve the French garrison at Dienbienphu. *The Nation* wants no part of a policy which will help to elect Richard Nixon. Kennedy may vie with him in campaign intransigence — on Cuba there is little to choose between the two — but his cast of mind makes it possible that, if elected, he will negotiate with the Soviets on equal terms, which is the only way any American President has any chance of reaching a *modus vivendi* in the next four years.

The Efficacy of Protest

Many thoughtful Americans bemoan their country's moral and cultural decay. If the United States is actually a sick giant—and indications are not lacking—one cause is that those who have the advantages of insight and knowledge too often hold their tongues. Cerebration as such has no political effect: it must be expressed in word and action before it can influence the trend of events. When it is expressed, the results often repay the effort.

On the occasion of Dr. Linus Pauling's visit to Washington University in May, 1957, as Eliot Honors Day speaker, a petition was drafted calling for an international agreement to stop nuclear-weapons tests. The petition was circulated by Dr. Pauling and a number of other scientists. More than 11,000 scientists all over the world, including many Nobel Prize-winners and 104 members of the United States Academy of Sciences, signed the petition, which was duly submitted to the United Nations. There, after a few perfunctory newspaper notices, the matter might have rested, had not Senator Thomas J. Dodd (D., Conn.) taken off after Dr. Pauling and the Reds who, Senator Dodd suspected, had helped the eminent chemist to circulate the petition. As Acting Chairman, Senator Dodd summoned Dr. Pauling before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee in June, 1960. He appeared, identified the names of the 11,021 signers of the U.N. petition, and answered all questions except that he declined to reveal the names of those who had helped in the collection of signatures. His refusal was on grounds of conscience; he said he was not willing to be "a party to this harassment and infliction of reprisals upon conscientious Americans who have broken no law but have been striving to do their duty as citizens."

In view of the record, there can be little doubt that Dr. Pauling's continuing obduracy would have resulted in his automatic indictment and conviction for contempt of Congress—but then came the petitions of protest. At Washington University almost 200 faculty members declared that Dr. Pauling and his associates had "performed a service of the highest patriotism" and that if the Senate subcommittee had its way "our constitutionally guaranteed freedoms to exercise civic responsibility will be subverted." The Emergency Civil Liberties Committee published another petition with 107 signatures, including a large proportion of academic names. At Rutgers University forty-one faculty members, including representatives signing for the entire faculty of the law school, protested in a letter to *The New York Times*. There were other backfires. The upshot was that Senator Dodd satisfied himself, at least for the time being, with "lashing out" at Dr. Pauling and his counsel, but refrained from taking the final steps to hold Dr. Pauling in contempt. The moral would seem to be that if the citizens want to keep their liberties, they must, at the very least, sign a petition now and then.

The Saga of a Stapler

Under this title, Dr. Howard A. Rusk published in his *New York Times* column a report on an instrument that uses tantalum wire finer than a human hair for suturing nerves, muscles and blood vessels under conditions where normal surgical stitching would be out of the question. The instrument, first seen by Dr. Rusk in Moscow in 1956, signals a new surgical era and for three years surgeons, scientists and instrument makers in the United States, and all over the world, tried to get a copy. The Soviets were apparently reluctant to furnish one, or the applications were snarled in red tape, until David Rose, an American builder, industrialist and philanthropist was able, through "certain business connections" to obtain one of the instruments for about $3,000.

Mr. Rose sent an emissary to Moscow to bring the precision device to the United States. It was examined by Dr. William Fondiller, a former vice president of Bell Telephone Laboratories, and another Bell engineer, Dr. Rudi Mallina. Operationally it came up to every expectation, but it was so complex that an expert required two hours to clean and reload it. However, after redevelopment and redesign, a relatively simple instrument was evolved that could be maintained by ordinary operating-room personnel and that cost only a fraction of the original model. At the same time, another simplified version was developed by Dr. Kiyo Sho Inokuchi of the University of Fukuoka in Japan.

Two lessons emerge. "First," Dr. Rusk writes, "a person-to-person relationship can often achieve what red-tape-ensnarled official contacts cannot do. Second, it points up the need, frequently expressed by surgeons and other clinicians, for coordinating the science of medicine and the science and technology of engineering." As a first step in this direction, a Committee for the Establishment of an Institute of Medical Engineering has

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been formed, with Mr. Rose as chairman. It is encouraging to note that some engineers are interested in a field which may lack the glamour of guided missiles and weapon systems but which, there is little doubt, will save the lives of many patients who, for that matter, may be engineers themselves.

Taxation Can Be Fun

Taxes, although coupled with death in a well-known proverb, can under certain circumstances afford pleasure to the taxpayer. Mr. Louis Schweitzer of Westport, Conn., discovered this a few days ago and promptly took steps to broadcast the good news. Mr. Schweitzer learned that a group of people in Princeton, N. J., had banded together to tax themselves 1 per cent of their 1959 income, for the purpose of donating this money to the United Nations. "This, as far as I knew," writes Mr. Schweitzer, "was the first time in history that ordinary citizens had voluntarily taxed themselves in support of the principle of world law."

Investigating further, Mr. Schweitzer found similar self-tax groups located in such places as Urbana-Champaign, Ill.; Palo Alto, Calif.; Seattle, Wash.; and Calgary, Canada. The money is turned over to the Secretary General of the United Nations for use in three areas: the Technical Assistance Program which sends trained personnel to help underdeveloped countries; the Special Fund which concentrates on relatively large projects to help low-income countries discover and develop their natural and human resources; and the Children's Fund, which assists governments in health, nutrition and welfare projects to benefit children and mothers. "Perhaps," suggests Mr. Schweitzer, "you and your friends and neighbors may wish to form similar groups to tax yourselves as these people have done." Or, as an individual, everyone is free to send his own self-tax to the Office of the Controller, United Nations, New York City.

Mr. Schweitzer taxed himself, and not lightly. He spread his message through a full-page advertisement in *The New York Times*.

"The Nation's" Slate

Presidential elections tend to overshadow Congressional contests. The greater the interest in the one, the less the interest in the other. The following panel is not by any means exhaustive, but it represents a list of candidates in the Senate and House who in the view of *The Nation* warrant active support. Incumbents are designated by an asterisk.

SENATE

Colorado	Robert L. Knous (D)
Delaware	J. Caleb Boggs (R)
Idaho	Robert McLaughlin (D)
Illinois	Paul H. Douglas (D)*
Iowa	Herschel C. Loveless (D)
Kansas	Frank Theis (D)
Kentucky	John Sherman Cooper (R)*
Maine	Margaret Chase Smith (R)*
Michigan	Patrick V. McNamara (D)*
Minnesota	Hubert H. Humphrey (D)*
Montana	Lee Metcalf (D)
New Jersey	Clifford P. Case (R)*
Oregon	Maurine B. Neuberger (D)
Rhode Island	Claiborne Pell (D)
South Dakota	George S. McGovern (D)
Tennessee	Estes Kefauver (D)*

HOUSE

Arizona	Stewart L. Udall, 2nd C.D. (D)*
California	Clem Miller, 1st C.D. (D)*
	John E. Moss, Jr., 3rd C.D. (D)*
	John F. Shelley, 5th C.D. (D)*
	Jeffery Cohelan, 7th C.D. (D)*
	George P. Miller, 8th C.D. (D)*
California (con't.)	Jerry Pacht, 16th C.D. (D)
	Chet Holifield, 19th C.D. (D)*
	Mrs. Rudd Brown, 21st C.D. (D)
	George A. Kasem, 25th C.D. (D)*
	James Roosevelt, 26th C.D. (D)*
Colorado	Byron L. Johnson, 2nd C.D. (D)*
Connecticut	Frank Kowalski, At Large (D)*
Idaho	Gracie Pfost, 1st C.D. (D)*
Illinois	Barratt O'Hara, 2nd C.D. (D)*
	Sidney R. Yates, 9th C.D. (D)*
Indiana	John Brademas, 3rd C.D. (D)*
	Randall S. Harmon, 10th C.D. (D)*
Iowa	Leonard G. Wolf, 2nd C.D. (D)*
Louisiana	F. Edward Hébert, 1st C.D. (D)*
Maine	James C. Oliver, 1st C.D. (D)*
Massachusetts	Silvio O. Conte, 1st C.D. (R)*
Michigan	Martha W. Griffiths, 17th C.D. (D)*
Minnesota	Roy W. Wier, 3rd C.D. (D-F-L)*
	John A. Blatnik, 8th C.D. (D-F-L)*
Missouri	Richard Bolling, 5th C.D. (D)*
New Jersey	Frank Thompson, Jr., 4th C.D. (D)*
New York	Gore Vidal, 29th C.D. (D-L)
Ohio	Charles A. Vanik, 21st C.D. (D)*
Oregon	Edith Green, 3rd C.D. (D)*
	Charles O. Porter, 4th C.D. (D)*
Pennsylvania	George M. Rhodes, 14th C.D. (D)*
	Woodrow A. Horn, 15th C.D. (R)
Vermont	William H. Meyer, At Large (D)*
West Virginia	Ken Hechler, 4th C.D. (D)*
Wisconsin	Robert W. Kastenmeier, 2nd C.D. (D)*
	Henry S. Reuss, 5th C.D. (D)*

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CALIFORNIA'S COOL DEBATE . . *by Francis M. Carney*

Berkeley, Calif.

CALIFORNIA has more than routine significance in Presidential elections. First of all, it has thirty-two electoral votes. Beyond that, California is a swing-state par excellence, having voted for the winning Presidential candidate in every election since 1916. In fact, California clinched the election for Wilson in 1916 and was the big hinge of the Truman victory in 1948. In many respects, also, this big, populous, prosperous state is a kind of micro-America. It is a major agricultural as well as industrial center; it has huge, choking cities and hundreds of sprawling suburbs; it has a restless, mobile, highly skilled population as well as significant pockets of stagnation and backwardness; its urban Negro population is large and an even more bitterly estranged Spanish-speaking minority is scattered throughout the state. It has its own special insularity as well as its own brand of cosmopolitanism; it is agonizingly sensitive to the fluctuations of the business cycle. For these reasons and many more, the state is remarkably responsive to fluctuation in the political mood of the nation. It takes no special nerve to predict that the candidate who carries California will win the election.

ALL OF THIS ought to be cheering news for Kennedy. Nearly 60 per cent of the state's registered voters are Democrats; the Republicans can muster only 39.2 per cent. Naturally all of the seven and one-half million registered voters will not go to the polls and the majority of the stay-at-homes will be Democrats. But Kennedy can sustain the absence of several hundred thousand registered Democrats and come out with a plurality larger than Truman's in 1948.

Two years ago the Democrats won a stunning party victory in the state, sweeping Edmund G. Brown into the governorship by an unprecedented margin, gaining comfortable control of both houses of the state legislature, and electing a majority of the state's delegation to the national Congress. The party at that time gave every appearance of cohesion and vitality.

The Republicans, by contrast, were divided and dispirited and, above all, defeated. They seemed ready to sink into a semi-permanent minority status. Since 1958 no new leader of stature has appeared to rally this routed army. No new compelling issue has arisen as an instrument of recovery and *revanche*. Indeed, one able and promising younger Republican professional told me sadly less than six months ago: "It will take the party ten to fifteen years to recover from the 1958 debacle."

California has a big, aggressive and ably led labor movement. In years past labor, especially the A.F. of L., showed a reluctance to ally with the Democratic Party, and maintained ties with such Republican leaders as Earl Warren and Goodwin J. Knight. In the middle fifties, however, some leaders began edging closer to the kind of relationship labor has with the Democrats in, say, Michigan. In 1958, labor fought hard for the Democrats and accounted in no small part for the dimensions of the victory.

The state suffers from a nagging, spotty unemployment problem, especially in the Los Angeles area. When employment softens or production slackens in the great aircraft, missile and other defense industries, on which so much of California prosperity is based, the effect ripples out into the whole supporting structure. In 1959, unemployment hung at about 7 per cent of the labor force and there has been only slight improvement since in Los Angeles. In the shops and the union halls there is anxious talk about job security. The Democratic Party usually profits from such anxieties.

For all of these reasons, then, California, the swing-state, ought to swing for John F. Kennedy. But California is apparently still hanging in the middle. Published polls show the two candidates alternating in the lead or Kennedy with a hairbreadth margin that could be wiped out by just a slight bias toward Nixon on the part of the large bloc of undecided voters.

WHY IS Kennedy in this trouble when so many auguries favor him? In the first place, California tradition suggests that the big edge in registered Democrats can be overcome. The Democrats enjoyed similar, though slightly lower, pluralities in 1952 and 1956 when Eisenhower carried the state by huge margins. Similarly, Earl Warren won all of his elections by handsome pluralities in the face of big Democratic-registered voter majorities. Of course, Eisenhower and Warren were special cases — popular Republicans with personal appeal that transcended party loyalty. But one cannot dismiss on the same grounds the fact that in 1950, with a Democratic plurality of registered voters even higher than in 1960, Richard Nixon was elected to the Senate with a margin of more than 600,000 votes.

Such anomalies are too often explained by reference to the "peculiar breed" of the California voter. He has, it is often playfully or painfully alleged, a penchant for irrational and unpredictable politics. Party labels, it is held, mean nothing to him because he is too stupid to understand them or too diverted by the delights of the vast playground in which he lives to give a thought to anything so serious as politics. Alternatively, it is held that here the parties themselves, together with the entire political process, are somehow "wacky," as befits a state where people live in pastel houses and wear pastel clothes.

But ticket-splitting and the crossing of party lines must be widely practiced in many parts of the nation, or there never would have been an Eisenhower Era. Beyond that, line-crossing in California has not

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FRANCIS M. CARNEY, author of The Rise of the Democratic Clubs in California *and co-author of* Politics 1960, *teaches political science at the University of California.*

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been random or inchoate. Democrats cross over to vote for Republicans; Republicans do not make the return trip. This, too, is explicable. The California Democratic Party of the 1940s and 1950s was in pitiable condition — weak, divided, badly led, unloved, uncertain and unvictorious. The cross-filing system in primaries interacted with and was reinforced by Democratic Party weakness, popular Republican candidates, an overwhelmingly pro-Republican press, the Korean War and consequent unpopularity for the national Democratic Party, and an incoming population unable to orient itself to the politics of their new state. Finally, 1950 was Year One of the McCarthy Era, and Nixon was one of the early outriders of the movement. All of these things, rather than "zaniness" among the voters, probably account for the astonishing willingness of registered Democrats to vote Republican. But 1960 is not 1950 or even 1956. In 1958 it became apparent that when conditions were right the Democrats could cash in their potential. Brown won by nearly one million votes.

But 1960 is not 1958 either. As we have seen, the polls and reasonably informed opinion hold that Kennedy has no real lead in California and may be "in trouble." Why? In the first place, Brown has suffered an enormous leakage of popularity. The Chessman case, a tax increase in Brown's first session coupled with the appearance of a budget surplus in the second year, the north-south split over his massive water conservation plan, a sharp labor-farmer fight over organization and benefits for farm workers have all meant loss of support for the Governor. Some of this hostility to Brown rubs off on all Democrats.

THE STRUGGLE last summer for the Presidential nomination also opened wounds in the Democratic Party. Symptomatic of this was Brown's successful effort to replace the liberal and popular Paul Ziffren as National Committee man, presumably because Ziffren had supported Kennedy at a time when Brown was still flirting with the notion of becoming a serious candidate himself. Dozens of Democratic Central Committee men and women have told me that they resented the move and have suggested that Brown won the fight only by cashing in almost all the good-will capital he had left. These resentments show up in the organization of the Kennedy campaign in the state. Brown's whip in the State Assembly, burly Jesse Unruh — the "hatchet-man" as he is called by his multitude of non-admirers—is heading the campaign organization in the south. One Southern California county chairman told me, "I want to work for Kennedy but I'm damned if I'll work for Jesse. He plays too rough."

Another difference from 1958 is the labor role. Organized labor is "for Kennedy," but there have been defections. The powerful Teamsters of course are backing Nixon. Harry Bridges and the ILWU have rejected both candidates. Still, most of the leaders are Democrats and Kennedy men, but it is hard to see any labor effort comparable to the 1958 push. The reason is that this year no right-to-work proposal is up for consideration. Labor will deliver something for Kennedy but so far it hasn't thrown its back into the work.

THEN, California was, and in some special way still is, Stevenson territory. Thousands of Democratic club members, who would ordinarily be staffing the state-wide campaign for Kennedy, cannot quite forgive him for having won the nomination. Those few improbable hours in July, when it seemed as though by some miracle the nomination might go to Stevenson, produced a bitter reaction. When the hope for a Stevenson nomination was shown to be wispy and insubstantial, the thousands of his supporters then gathered in Los Angeles sat despairingly in the bars at the Knickerbocker and the Biltmore and tormented one another with horror stories about Kennedy, his family's flashiness and ostentation, his father's alleged Nazi sympathies, the Senator's alleged pro-McCarthyism, his appearance, his sister's marital link to the Sinatra "crowd," the prosiness of Kennedy's speaking style, his lack of commitment to liberal principles, his alleged connection to sinister forces in control of the party and the convention, and most of all the fact that he is not and never will be Adlai Stevenson. In vain could it be pleaded that on domestic issues and civil rights his record was undoubtedly more liberal than Stevenson's. In vain could it be pointed out that Stevenson in his way is as much a "cold-war Democrat" as Kennedy. Probably Kennedy can never break through the Stevensonians' reserve toward him. The style is not there, the poetic imagery is not there, the humor and self-depreciation are not there, that love of paradox and toleration of ambiguity are not there. There was a special Stevenson style in politics and, in California at least, thousands of liberal Democrats drank deep of it. It was heady and they will need time to recover. In the meantime Kennedy must pay.

THERE ARE other curious aspects of this election, aside from the fact that Kennedy is having difficulty in a state he should expect to carry with ease. Politically speaking, California is not a primitive or exotic state. In fact, it can be argued that the state is politically mature. California regularly turns out one of the highest proportions of eligible voters in the nation. This year, the registration drives put on by both parties have been enormously successful. The evening radio and television logs are heavily salted with political discussion programs. Young people on the several university campuses are showing this year an interest more widespread and intelligent than ever before, in the opinion of those of us who teach them. The editor of a Los Angeles daily told me that this year the paper was getting the heaviest volume of telephone and mail response to political news since the end of World War II. A Central Valley police chief said that the curiosity and excitement generated by Kennedy's September whistle-stop tour reminded him very much of the memorable Harry Truman crowds in 1948. I stood beside a prominent and loyally Republican San Francisco businessman in Union Square while Lodge earnestly tried to explain the Administration's hopelessly muddled Red China poli-

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cy. Surveying the large and attentive audience, my friend delightedly exclaimed, "If this stuffed shirt can hold a crowd this big, wait 'till Dick Nixon hits town!"

BOTH of the political parties have the power and energy to exploit this interest, to turn it into an exciting and fruitful democratic debate. The Democrats with their mass organization of Democratic clubs and the Republicans' much smaller but finely articulated and very effective fund-raising and campaign-management committees provide the state with the bones and muscle of meaningful two-party politics. But so far in this campaign the nervous systems of these mechanisms have not been activated. Not only is there a curious lack of passion, despite the tremendous generalized interest in politics; there is also a curious and most unsatisfying lack of definition to the campaign itself. The students on the college campuses, the TV and radio analysts, the newsmen writing about the campaign, the crowds milling around the heroes and captains, are waiting and questioning, searching almost palpably for a meaning and direction in the furor. It is remarkable that Kennedy, the candidate who attacks the suffocating complacency of the fifties, who heads the party from which forward surges ought to be expected, who gathers about him some of the most gifted and imaginative of the nation's academic intellectuals, and who should be the beneficiary of this search, somehow is not coming through, not drawing out the distinctions that do exist between himself and Nixon, and between the two parties. In California, the Kennedy campaign has been waged for an uncertain champion by reluctant troops.

Kennedy is plagued by the legend that he and Nixon are about as different from each other as IBM is from Burroughs. Kennedy is an appealing figure for many sections of the electorate; but, as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., has been saying to large gatherings in university communities throughout the state, Kennedy's campaign is not getting the thrust and dynamism it would have if labor, the liberal Democratic activists, and the intellectuals in the student bodies and faculties were more unreservedly and enthusiastically working for him. There is irony in the fact that the very people who have lamented the institutionalized mindlessness of the fifties are unable to rally for Kennedy precisely because they feel that he is all mind and lacking in a certain warmth, humanity, humor and color that has been associated with the Democratic Party since the days of Roosevelt.

NIXON does not have the same difficulty with those elements of his support that are required for the thrust and dynamism of the campaign. If he is vague, slippery and unsatisfactory on the specifics of issues, if it is difficult to identify him either ideologically or programmatically, his supporters understand that this is the price that must be paid by the candidate of a minority party. They know that he must seem liberal enough to win significant Democratic support. They understand that he must stress his personal qualities and not those of his party. They forgive him, that is, for not sounding like Barry Goldwater because they know that Barry Goldwater could never win. This Republican style has been especially widespread and effective in California in the past. It represents no departure for Nixon.

At the same time, Nixon's emotional supporters, far from being alienated by his personal style, have always had an attachment to the man. This is perhaps especially true of the Los Angeles area Republicans. But certainly in many a *lanai* and patio in Pasadena and Santa Barbara, to lesser extent in the more stately parlors of Burlingame and Mill Valley, Dick Nixon, as he is invariably called, has a convinced and dedicated following. Those who feel that Nixon's style is parvenu must be reminded that to the salaried, professional, technical and semi-professional classes of California, that style is natural. When Nixon turns on his earnest, affable, youngish, brisk and crisp, alert, executive style, he is to thousands of middle-class women every husband, every son, every brother — the *beau ideal* of Americans on the rise. When he becomes the glowering scourge of "appeasers" and "socializers," he effectively touches a deep, responsive chord of anxiety in a population that has come very far very fast, but that cannot escape the sense that the status footing may be slippery. Why is it that the heckler at a Nixon rally courts violence?

One of the most vivid recollections I have of this "respectable" attachment to Nixon comes from the night of the famous "Checkers" telecast. I was sitting in a Pasadena living room with a group of friends, some of whom had been moved to tears by the performance. I was attempting to pick out some of the weak spots in his rebuttal when an intelligent, young and moderately liberal housewife turned to me, eyes blazing, and snapped, "What you people forget is that Dick Nixon represents to me and thousands like me the very finest type of American manhood." I submit that, thus far at least, Kennedy has not developed that kind of response.

SO THE Golden State is in suspense. The Democrats, who should be brimming with confidence, seem apprehensive. The Republicans, though far from cocky, are talking hopefully of a victory here as the big hinge for Nixon. My own guess is based largely on the model of voting behavior that has been developed by American political science. In that model there are few genuinely independent voters. Most voters respond, though sometimes vaguely and even unconsciously, to the pull of party affiliation, even though the affiliation is but dimly remembered. They break that pattern only when drawn to do so by an overriding issue or by some compelling personality. Certainly that overriding issue has not emerged in California. Nor is Kennedy's personality so unattractive or Nixon's so winning that the candidates themselves become stronger than the party pattern. In such a case, that margin in California of 1,360,000 surplus registered Democratic voters should stand up against all of the difficulties and shortcomings mentioned here.

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NEW YORK: Cocktails & Candidates . . *Dan Wakefield*

THE volunteer citizens' groups for Nixon and Kennedy have been toiling since Labor Day at their respective barricades which, in New York City, are appropriately located in the same building, 277 Park Avenue. This opulent one-time apartment-hotel, enclosing a parklike garden, is also where Mr. Nixon, Mr. Lodge and a covey of Kennedys keep rooms in New York (Lyndon Johnson's forays into this foreign capital are too transient to require an apartment at the ready). It is, both by its appearance and the political status of its residents, the closest thing we have to a Kremlin. The main entrance, complete with iron gate and guards, faces Park Avenue; the secondary entrance, at the opposite end, opens onto Lexington Avenue. The Nixon volunteer forces, like their candidate, are heavy on humility, and use the 510 Lexington address for their headquarters; the Kennedy citizens, led by New York's "Independent" (i.e., non-Tammany) Democrats, whose chic-quotient is higher than any political assemblage since the dissolution of the Roman Forum, naturally use the more swank Park Avenue number.

ATTEMPTING to pin down basic differences between the two opposing citizens' groups is as tricky as trying the same with the two opposing candidates, but in both cases certain dissimilarities finally emerge. The New York Citizens for Kennedy-Johnson is a far more lavish operation than the New York State Independent Citizens for Nixon-Lodge, as indicated simply by the fact that the Kennedy "volunteers" are led by roughly forty paid workers, while the only mercenaries in the Nixon camp are three secretaries.

Up in the Kennedy chambers George Daly, a former public relations man for the State Democratic Committee who is now employed as director of press and public relations for the Citizens for Kennedy-Johnson, leaned back in his chair and explained the coming activities of his troops. Mr. Daly said that in the last weeks of the campaign the volunteers' work in New York would be centered upon the presence of the candidate himself, who'd be coming to town for the final push.

"Ordinarily," Mr. Daly said, "we'd end up with the traditional rally in Madison Square Garden, but the Horse Show is scheduled there this year, and we have to find some place else." Mr. Daly, noting that the Senator was also to be in town for the fourth round of the "Great Debate," explained that Kennedy planned a day of rest before the TV struggle.

"He needs to have time to think up what to say to that Foxy Fellow. Having to debate against all those platitudes," Mr. Daly said without a trace of irony, "is like battling molasses."

When asked more about the specific work and make-up of the Citizens' group itself, Mr. Daly enumerated a rash of special subcommittees, which include the Senior Citizens for Kennedy, the Students for Kennedy (sometimes referred to in the office as "Nymphets for Kennedy"), the speakers' bureau and the "Viva Kennedy" committee for Spanish-speaking voters. The head of the whole show is Anthony B. Akers, whose previous experience in elective politics consists of being twice defeated for Congress in New York's Seventeenth District. Mr. Daly simply identified Mr. Akers, however, as "an old PT boat man" (this gives him a record in the service, if not in politics, similar to Senator Kennedy's).

Another attendant press aide mentioned that perhaps the greatest difference in the Nixon and Kennedy citizens' groups was "the number of creative people" who have volunteered for the Kennedy group.

"We have copywriters coming in to help," the aide noted, "who make $40,000 a year on Madison Avenue."

But surely there were other differences, and the visitor set out to talk with some of the special committee workers. A press aide who specializes in recruiting celebrities for the cause was recently back from a hard morning of arranging photographs of Off-Broadway star Salome Jens, the Jane Mansfield of the hipsters, passing out Kennedy-Johnson literature in Washington Square Park. He said that of all the celebrities he had asked to contribute their services only one had even hesitated. That was the young actor James MacArthur, whose mother is Helen Hayes, a co-chairman of the Celebrities for Nixon. The Kennedy press man still had hopes, however, for he pointed out that Mr. MacArthur was in a play with Shelley Winters and Jane Fonda, "both of whom have done work for us."

PRESSING on to less glamorous spheres, we went downstairs and across the courtyard to drop in on the Senior Citizens for Kennedy committee. The state coordinator of the Senator's elderly admirers is Dan Schulder, who is twenty-five years old. Mr. Schulder said he didn't feel his age was any handicap in dealing with the Senior Citizens: "As long as you treat them like anyone else, and don't go around pushing chairs out at them you get along fine."

Mr. Schulder may be a long way from Seniority, but he has drilled himself thoroughly in statistics and information on the plight and political significance of the aged.

"New York City has a greater percentage of people over sixty-five than any other city in the U.S.," he said. "We have 1,200,000 senior citizens here and, unlike the steel and auto towns — like Youngstown and Detroit, for instance — where the older people are in union groups and are politically articulate, here they're mostly out of contact. Many of them live in furnished rooms and don't see anyone or care what's going on. But we do have a nucleus, in the 15,000 who are in 'Golden Age' clubs, and we're working hard through all those clubs. We have a real edge with these people because of the medical-aid issue, and we want to get as many out as we can."

It would seem that the great

DAN WAKEFIELD is the author of Revolt in the South, *just published by Grove Press.*

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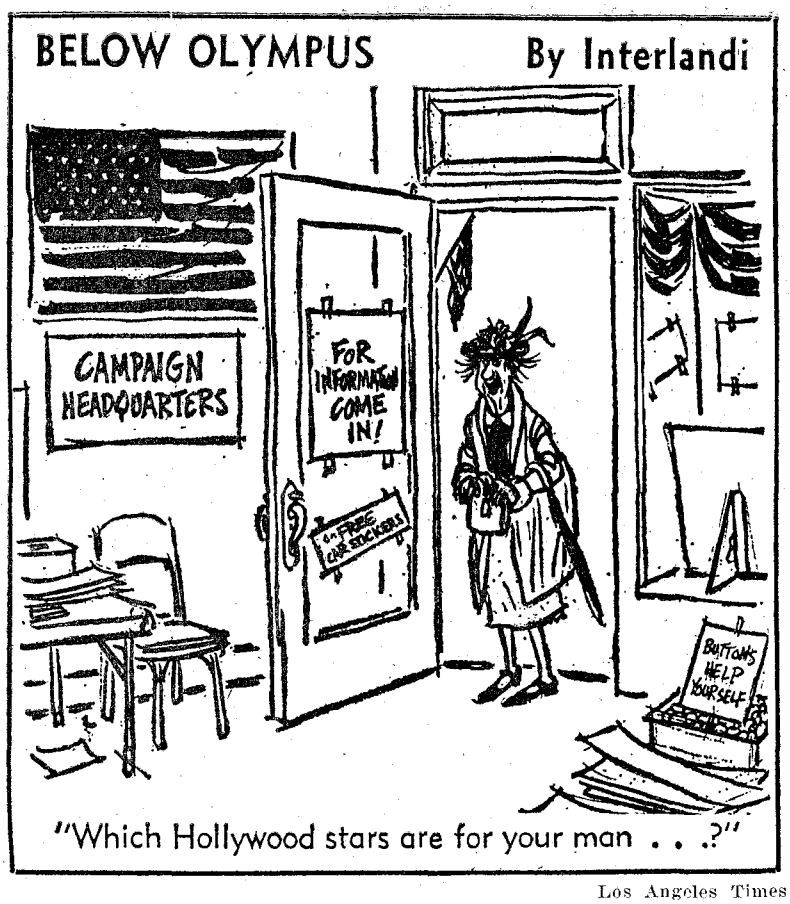

Los Angeles Times

challenge remaining for John Kennedy is to capture the voters who have passed puberty and not yet reached senility; it soon became clear that with the very old and the very young he is home free. Next door to the optimistic office of the Senior Citizens for Kennedy is the headquarters of Students for Kennedy, which is by all appearances the most enthusiastic, exhaustively organized and eagerly intelligent faction of all the volunteers on either side. The students are divided into the college group (SFK — Students for Kennedy) and the high school group (TASK — Teen-Agers for Senator Kennedy). Their office is plastered with charts of all the colleges in the New York City area, accompanied by "code numbers" signifying the strength of the Kennedy clubs at each school. We did not attempt to break the code, but were given a general assessment of all the activities by the students present. The college leaders were "organizing upstate," but holding down the fort was Kathy Emmett, head of the high school forces.

Miss Emmett is a bright-eyed and gracious young lady who attends the Friends Seminary and speaks an articulate English, refreshingly uncluttered with the political and advertising jargon that afflicts the speech of so many of the older politicians, both volunteer and professional, Republican and Democrat. (Senator Kennedy might do well to drive the $40,000 a year copywriters from the gates and let Kathy Emmett write his releases.) She explained that in addition to canvassing, telephone contacts and office work, the high school volunteers had been taking polls at their schools. "It's surprising," she said, "the number of students who are for Kennedy, who have parents for Nixon."

One of the difficulties of organizing the high school volunteers, Miss Emmett said, was that all the public and many of the private high schools outlaw political groups of any kind.

"Even when we say the schools could have both Kennedy and Nixon clubs, most of the principals won't allow it. One of them said he didn't want any 'rabble-rousing.' So we have to do it undercover."

"That's right," a young TASK man affirmed, "everything has to be secret."

Thus are the high school students introduced to American politics. We can only hope that the city doesn't take any Youth Board workers off the Fighting Dragons and assign them to the Students for Kennedy. At any rate, these students seemed to have so far survived the bad influence of their elders with amazing grace. One of the Teen-Age girls for Kennedy sat in a corner of the office reading André Gide, which offers even further hope for our civilization, since many of the Nixon students seem to lean to Ayn Rand.

THE New York State Independent Citizens for Nixon-Lodge don't seem to be nearly as strong as their opponents on the student or senior-citizen front, but they hold an edge in other departments, and have a few categories that the Kennedy citizens lack, such as Young Marrieds for Nixon and Newlyweds for Nixon. As you would expect, they are way out in front with Doctors for Nixon, and in fact are well organized in all the professions, claiming a special committee for each profession that is listed in the New York telephone directory, which takes us all the way from Accountants for Nixon to X-Ray Technicians for Nixon.

Howard Adelman, the head of press and public relations for the Nixon citizens' group in New York, is a bright young adman who leans pleasantly to the soft-sell side, and has taken time off from his own agency to work full time as a volunteer. He was formerly a director at CBS, and got his only previous political experience in the "Draft Rockefeller" movement. Mr. Adelman said: "We contemplated hiring professional political PR men but we didn't think we'd get the mileage out of it."

Mr. Adelman thought that both candidates' citizens' groups had enjoyed about the same amount of press coverage, but that both were having a harder time of it now than in previous Presidential years.

"We've sort of been pushed out of the minds of people, mainly by Khrushchev being here, and also by

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the World Series. Compared to past campaigns, we've been virtually pushed off the front pages."

A lady at the table beside Mr. Adelman who was patiently clipping out crumbs from the *Journal-American* agreed with him, and added: "Also, it was Ike. He was — you know — a national idol."

At a desk in the corner another press worker was explaining the importance of a Nixon victory to a prospective volunteer who looked like a senior citizen and perhaps had wandered into the wrong door at 277 Park.

"If Kennedy gets in, Big Business will be a thing of the past," the worker told him. "I'm sorry I can't give you any better news, but that's the picture."

Mr. Adelman in the meantime was further explaining the setup of the Nixon volunteers. The co-chairmen, he said, were Francis P. Gallagher, "a bond consultant," and Mrs. John L. Loeb, whose "husband is known as something of a financial wizard in New York."

The Nixon citizens do have a "Nationalities" division, but they don't have a counterpart to the "Viva Kennedy" committee which is drumming up support among the Puerto Ricans. "Actually, Roddy Rockefeller of the Republican State Committee has made the Spanish-speaking area the keynote of his campaign activities. Roddy has done a lot more with that than we have."

Whatever "Roddy's" success in inflaming the Latin voters, he probably could do no worse than Bobby Kennedy, who made the long march to East Harlem and proclaimed to the faithful at the Tony Mendez club that, although he didn't speak Spanish, "I come from a family of nine children."

Mr. Adelman gathered together a bundle of the literature of his organization, which he explained was divided into two main categories — "informational literature" and "impact literature." The "informational" pieces are reprints and condensations of a series of "papers" that Nixon has issued on the weighty topics of the world, such as Asia, communism and inflation, while the "impact" literature consists of colorful leaflets and hot slogans. The pride of the New York volunteer group is a piece which gives special billing to Henry Cabot Lodge, and stresses the "team" approach.

"This is our most important piece of literature for New York," Mr. Adelman explained. "Our sales pitch here is that the 'team' is unbeatable."

JUST as the special plague the citizens for Kennedy are avoiding is the label of Tammany Hall, the special burden of the Citizens for Nixon in New York is Nixon himself — their best bet is to pass him off in the package with Henry Cabot Lodge.

Both groups face the problem of transferring the passions aroused by the more soul-stirring men of their party to the two cool candidates: getting those who would follow Barry Goldwater, Nelson Rockefeller, or Adlai Stevenson through the flames of the inferno at least to follow Richard Nixon or John Kennedy around the corner to the voting booth. Though the die-hard followers of Barry, Rocky and Adlai have pitched in to aid the paler replacements, it is more with resignation than fervor. The temporarily "band-aided" wounds of disillusion are still visible on each side. In the Kennedy office, the true passions of the closed ranks can even be spotted by special lapel buttons: for the Stevenson loyalties there is a badge that says merely "I'm Not For Nixon," while the true Kennedyites can be spotted by a green and white emblem emblazoned with "FKBW" — "For Kennedy Before Wisconsin."

But in spite of ideological disappointments, there is fun for all in volunteer politics, and special fringe benefits in the constant round of breakfasts, luncheons, dinners and cocktail parties. The campaign trail is especially rewarding for the young unmarried folks, particularly the girls (men predominate at these functions) and the political season provides an alternative hunting ground to the ever-popular pastures of the Museum of Modern Art. After looking all summer at *Guernica*, the blown-up faces of John Kennedy, and even of Richard Nixon, offer relief. Now is the time for all good men and women to come to the party.

Medical Ethics and the Cold War . . *Victor W. Sidel*

". . . . WHATEVER, in connection with my professional practice or not in connection with it, I see or hear in the life of men, which ought not to be spoken abroad, I will not divulge, as reckoning that all such should be kept secret. . . ." Graduates of most medical schools still brightly repeat these words of the Hippocratic oath at graduation. Then, as with every system of ethics, the problem of interpretation begins.

The recent defection of Bernon F. Mitchell and William H. Martin from the National Security Agency has raised precisely such a problem. That the case involves homosexuality, internal security, psychiatric screening of government employees, the House Un-American Activities Committee and the duties of the "patriotic American," complicates but must not obscure the question of medical ethics involved.

The facts, fortunately, do not appear to be at issue. Mitchell had been seen three times by a Silver Spring, Maryland, psychiatrist. Discussed were problems of family, religion and sex, but Mitchell gave no indication to the physician of plans for defection. The professional relationship was terminated by the patient.

When Mitchell's defection became

VICTOR W. SIDEL, M.D., says that his concern with medical ethics began when he took the Hippocratic oath at Harvard Medical School.

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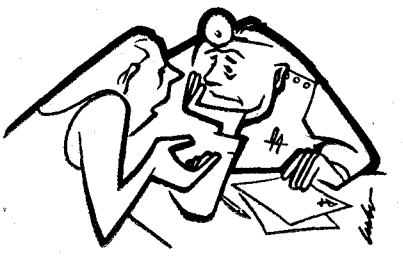
known, the physician was approached by representatives of the National Security Agency, who requested information on the ground that it was needed in the interest of national security. Apparently, the psychiatrist turned over his records; he later testified about his interviews with Mitchell before a closed session of the House Un-American Activities Committee. On the day after his testimony, there appeared in the Washington *Post* a detailed description of these interviews, based on "medical history information available to investigators of the case." The information thus publicly exposed was of an extremely personal nature, normally given to a physician only within the framework of a professional relationship. The material published by the *Post* had presumably been "leaked" to the press by the NSA or the House committee; the doctor himself "refused to comment publicly" on the case.

PROTESTS quickly developed within the medical community, a body not usually noted for its eagerness to espouse liberal, or even controversial, positions. Thirty-seven physicians signed a petition to the Medical Society of Maryland requesting an investigation of the "possible breach of medical ethics." They emphasized that they were not interested in censure, but in "vigorous action to define and protect the rights of the patient in these cases." The Council of the Washington Psychiatric Society said in a published statement:

> Our council wishes to reassert this principle [confidentiality] as binding upon physicians and to deplore departure from this principle. Without the assurance of confidentiality, medical treatment, and especially, psychiatric treatment, would be impossible.

The psychiatrist's reply to these criticisms made his personal position clear, if it did little to clarify the ethical issues: "I told my patients [some of whom had asked him for assurance that their own confidences would not be broken] that they had nothing to worry about as long as they didn't defect." The executive secretary of the County Medical Society declared, according to the Washington *Post* of Sept. 22, that the psychiatrist's disclosures "reflected those of any patriotic citizen."

One final fact has a bearing on the ethical dilemma. The House committee, in its final report on the case, used none of the information furnished by the doctor. Apparently, in giving out confidential information embarrassing to the patient and his family, the doctor had contributed nothing which even the House Un-American Activities Committee felt worthy of relaying to the public.



But by then, of course, the leak to the press had already occurred.

The problem any doctor faces is one of deciding when, and to whom, he should reveal what he has seen or heard with regard to a patient. The Hippocratic oath helps him little, because the proscription against revealing that "which ought not to be spoken abroad" gives no criteria for determining that which ought to be spoken. For help in his problem the physician must look to the nature of his profession and the place it holds in society. The entire oath, his training and his life are dedicated to the healing of the sick. This is the doctor's professional role; if he abrogates it, he has nothing special to contribute to his community.

The physician may look with envy at his colleagues in the law and ministry. The privileged nature of the priest-penitent or lawyer-client relationship has long been recognized and vigorously protected. Society apparently feels that the contribution that these professions make to the community, and the special function that legally protected secrecy plays in their ability to contribute, are more important than the information to be gained from an abrogation of the privilege. Is the physician's contribution less valuable? Or is the value of guaranteed secrecy in the physician-patient relationship less important to the effective practice of medicine than is secrecy in the lawyer-client relationship to the practice of law?

The value of privileged communication to the medical profession has been stated best by a jurist, Judge Luther Alverson, in an address before the Connecticut Mental Health Association in 1958:

> I believe there is more justification for the psychotherapist-patient privilege than for any of the others recognized by law. That it is in the public interest to foster the relationship is obvious to you and me who have had some dealings with this field and have seen the benefits of psychotherapy. This, coupled with the fact that the psychotherapist must, of course, insist on very personal data and must explore the relationship of the patient's acts to his basic drives, which can only be adequately revealed by his deepest and most secret thoughts and feelings, demands such a privilege. The psychiatric patient confides more utterly than anyone else in the world. He lays bare his entire self, his dreams, fantasies, sins and shames. Most patients that undergo psychotherapy know that this is what will be expected of them, and that they cannot get help except on that condition. It is extremely hard for them to bring themselves to the point where they are willing to expose the dark recesses of their minds to the psychiatrist; often patients have undergone therapy for a year or more before they begin to reveal anything significant. It would be too much to expect them to do so if they knew that all they say, and all that the psychiatrist learns from what they say, may be revealed to the whole world from the witness stand.

Cases do arise, of course, when the physician must reveal something he has seen or heard in his professional capacity. Perhaps the simplest example is the physician confronted by a patient with a communicable disease, say typhoid fever, who refuses to accept necessary isolation procedures. The physician's duty to heal the sick includes a duty to keep others from getting sick. It is clear that he may ethically demand, after carefully explaining his reasoning to the patient, that the

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patient either accept isolation or be reported to the appropriate authority. Release of the information seems justified because the net effect is to further both the doctor's professional goal and the community's welfare.

Another type of case involves the patient who announces to his physician that he is about to commit a crime of violence, e.g., "I'm going to murder the mayor at noon tomorrow." Such a patient is almost always saying: "I have a terrible urge [or at least very vivid fantasies involving the urge] to murder the mayor. Please protect me from my urge." The situation is similar to the patient who recently came to the information desk of my hospital and demanded a glass of water so that she could swallow the poison she held in her hand. Although the patient who really wants to murder or commit suicide does not go about matters in this way, the doctor always feels justified in preventing violence, whether self-inflicted or perpetrated on others, and he will not hesitate to make any revelations that are necessary to prevent it. Again, he has no real dilemma because, in protecting society, he is also doing his best for his patient.

The problem really begins in a third type of case. The classic example is the patient who arrives at the doctor's door with a gunshot wound. In most jurisdictions, the physician is required by law to report all such incidents immediately, even if the patient requests that he not report it. Most physicians feel that their duty is fairly clear; they must obey the specific law. The rationale is that the patient must be aware of the physician's legal responsibility in these cases, and so there is no breach of confidence when the physician discharges his responsibility. Indeed, medical opinion is that the doctor, in all such cases, ought to warn the patient specifically of what the law requires.

But what should the physician do about a law which he feels he cannot ethically obey, e.g., laws of recent memory in Germany regarding the treatment of Jews? Most doctors feel that conscience and ethics take precedence over law. Some German physicians may have defended their ethics with their lives. But this problem, broadly speaking, has not arisen in our society; disclosing information in accordance with specific laws already on the books before the information was given to the doctor seems ethically defensible and of little danger to other doctor-patient relationships.

Approaching the other end of the ethical spectrum is the case in which a law is passed, or a subpoena is issued, demanding the disclosure of information already given which, at the time of giving, was considered confidential by both patient and physician. In this instance, the danger to professional relationships becomes acute, for no patient can know when the details of social or personal deviation he is giving may be forced into the public domain. Under such circumstances, it is safer to reveal nothing to the psychotherapist —and there can be no psychotherapy. Most physicians would fight these *ex post facto* disclosures with every legal means, and if these failed, some would even feel that a prison term or a fine was a reasonable price to pay for the protection of their profession.

BUT THE MOST extreme type of case has not yet been mentioned. It occurs when the physician has no knowledge at all of an overt criminal act, either before or after the act has been declared a crime, and is faced with a request from authorities to disclose any and all information he has on a particular patient. The investigators are seeking detrimental information of any sort; it is the "fishing expedition" applied to the physician. Many doctors feel that the request to the psychiatrist for the Mitchell information fell into this category. They believe the psychiatrist must refuse to turn over his records, because if he freely honors this blanket type of request no patient can ever feel safe.

There are occasions when the physician must publish this kind of background, non-criminal-content information. Otherwise the medical profession and society would be inhibited in exploring the probably significant relationship between emotional problems of a confidential nature and anti-social acts in the public domain. But the sharing must be done under circumstances which fully protect the anonymity of the patient and which give no opportunity for sensational "slanting" by the release of only bits of information. Professional and community channels exist for this kind of research, of which more is desperately needed. But the NSA and the House Un-American Activities Committee cannot, by the wildest stretch of patriotic motives, be considered such a channel.

AMONG the defenders of the doctor's disclosures in the Mitchell case are those who say: The poor psychiatrist could not be expected to resist the pressure that must have been brought to bear upon him. But a psychiatrist must be able and willing to resist such pressure if he is to be a good physician, just as the lawyer and priest must resist pressures if they are to practice their professions effectively. Moreover, this particular physician would have found eager support within and outside his profession had he chosen to resist. We have not yet reached — and hopefully never shall reach — the point in this country where an honest devotion to ethics, running afoul of an investigating agency, will lack vigorous defenders.

Other proponents of the disclosures ask the question: Is not any breach of confidentiality — and, by implication, any breach of professional ethics — defensible when the security of the nation is at stake? One would think that such a question would not require an answer, but it does. It is easy to forget, apparently, that there is at least an open question whether the best defense of the national security lies with the NSA, or the House committee, or even the FBI. At least a few still think that our security as a people may be best defended by devotion to ethics and honesty, to responsibility and procedural justice and, not least, to the demands of the individual conscience. In medicine, as in so many areas, we must be ever watchful that we do not sacrifice what is precious in our society in our attempts to defend it.

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FRANCE: The Edge of Chaos . . *Alexander Werth*

Paris, Oct. 20

THE FRENCH TANGLE gets progressively worse, with nearly everyone turning against that well-meaning great man, Charles de Gaulle. On the evening of Oct. 3, this city witnessed something it had not seen since the Fascist riots of the mid-thirties — a few thousand people rushing down the Champs Elysées toward the Elysée Palace, shouting "de Gaulle resign!" and "Salan to power!" En route, the crowd — mostly young — smashed the large windows of *L'Express* offices. The following day, *Le Monde* wistfully noted that the police did not call on the demonstrators to disperse until after the damage had been done.

The whole thing had started as a reaction by war veterans to the "defeatist" and "treasonable" Manifesto of the 121 against the Algerian war. Significantly, the ceremony of protest, which took place at the Arch of Triumph, was attended by Marshal Juin and by virulent Fascist characters like M. Le Pen, former head of the Poujardist parliamentary group, and ex-Police Commissioner Dides, who had organized the police to demonstrate against parliament in March, 1958.

There is more and more talk here about de Gaulle's being "forced" to resign and already a whispering campaign is under way in favor of Pinay as his successor. It is to be recalled that when de Gaulle dismissed Pinay last January as Minister of Finance, Pinay arrogantly declared to the press: "I am not saying *adieu*; I am saying *au revoir*." Moreover, it is said that Pinay is backed by the United States and the NATO command (both extremely annoyed with de Gaulle's independent attitude toward NATO). Even more interesting is the fact that Soustelle, who as a leading Gaullist in 1958 had campaigned wildly against "U.S. interference" in North Africa, has now declared himself to be pro-American and pro-NATO. Last Wednesday Soustelle called for a "national regroupment" in opposition to his former idol. The idea seems to be that if an extreme right-wing government came to power in France, it would give the United States full satisfaction as regards NATO; in return, the United States would be expected to help this government "save Algeria for France." The fact that Kennedy, and probably Nixon, favor ending the Algerian war (which is making America's position vis-à-vis the Arab world and Africa increasingly awkward), is brushed aside with the glib argument that "Washington is more interested in NATO than in Algeria."

De Gaulle's difficulties seem to have been increased by his Prime Minister's recent visit to Adenauer. All appears to have been going well between M. Debré and the Chancellor until news came to Bonn of de Gaulle's statement that no atom bombs were to be dropped by the free world without France's consent. M. Debré is supposed to have appeased the Chancellor; but how he did so is not quite clear, since there is nothing to show that de Gaulle has abandoned his claim to a French veto.

FRANCE now finds itself in a fantastic situation. The Army and the extreme Right want the war to go on; the rest of the country — and especially the bulk of the younger generation — wants it stopped. Even the traditional republican parties — the Radicals, the Socialists and the M.R.P. — are joining in the clamor after years of lethargy. But whereas the parties' increasing restiveness with de Gaulle stems partly from their dissatisfaction with his "un-European" stand, the young here are almost wholly for peace in Algeria and are thinking hard about the implications of the Manifesto of the 121. (The Right has managed to produce a counter-manifesto of right-wing "intellectuals"; among the signatories are Marshal Juin, Ambassador Francois Poncet and the ninety-year-old Henri Bordeau of the French Academy — to all of whom still clings the indelicate aroma of Vichyism.)

But if the whole of France is in a fantastic situation, the situation of de Gaulle himself is even more bizarre. "De Gaulle already almost belongs to the past," wrote Jean Jacques Servan-Schreiber in an editorial in *L'Express* of Sept. 29. Yet elsewhere in the same paper, Francois Mauriac chides the left-wing intellectuals for persisting in their attack on de Gaulle; the President, Mauriac warned, is the Left's last and only defender against the torture chamber and extermination.

But how can de Gaulle be expected to defend the Left if he is a captive of the Right — the same "Algiers" Right which brought him to power in 1958 and which has been complaining ever since that he has betrayed his "saviors"?

If the President is not indeed a captive of the extreme Right, how explain the failure of the preliminary negotiations that were to have pointed the way for a cease-fire in Algeria? In July, two representatives of the Algerian Nationalists (the FLN) were brought to the outskirts of Paris for these talks. Three days later, the two were on their way back to Tunis. That was the end of this seemingly promising move on de Gaulle's part. Obviously, angry protests had poured in upon the President from the Algiers die-hards and from the Army. It was equally obvious that M. Debré and his entourage did their utmost to sabotage this adventure in understanding.

Meantime, on the Left, things also began to stir. The Manifesto of the 121, represented by the greater part of the press at first as an isolated phenomenon, turned out to be of far-reaching symbolic and perhaps historical significance.

> More and more Frenchmen [it said] are being prosecuted, imprisoned and sentenced for having refused to take part in this war or for having come to the aid of the Algerian fighters. . . . More and more people are beginning to realize that the Algerian

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ALEXANDER WERTH, author of several books on France, is The Nation's *European correspondent.*

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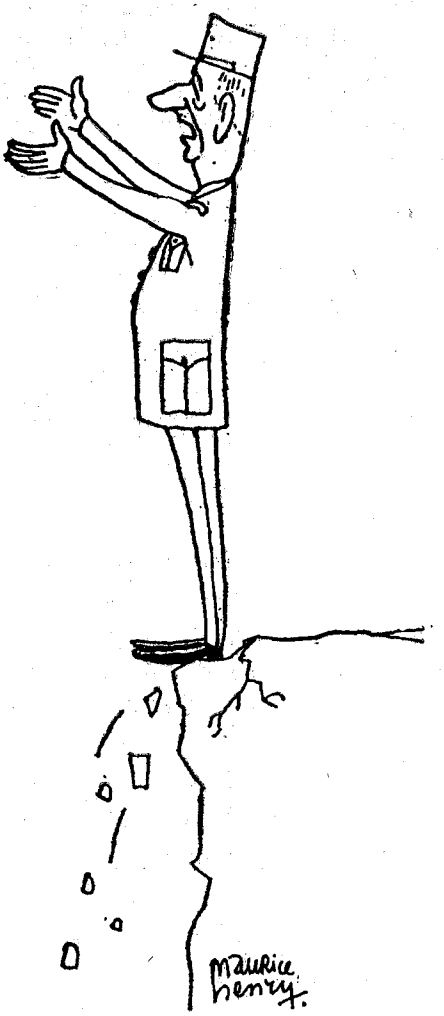
> war is becoming the private show of the Army and of a caste which refuses to give way to a rising whose meaning even the government, conscious of the general collapse of colonial empires, seems ready to recognize. . . .

The Manifesto concludes by saying that the undersigned *"consider justifiable any refusal to take up arms against the Algerian people, and any help and protection afforded to the oppressed Algerians."*

The number of people who openly identified themselves with this declaration was very small. Papers like *L'Express* and *France-Observateur,* which for years had been clamoring for peace in Algeria, as well as the Communist press, carefully refrained from endorsing this open appeal to insubordination and desertion. Were they truly out of sympathy with it? Did they feel that it was a tactical error, and only too likely to play into the hands of the *ultras?* Or did they keep aloof as a matter of self-protection? For the "Jeanson network" had been proclaimed a "criminal and treasonable" organization; and, after all, the Manifesto followed closely the line of argument used by *Vérités Pour,* the clandestine sheet produced by Francis Jeanson and his associates. (Jeanson, a brilliant writer, had been closely associated with Jean-Paul Sartre's monthly, *Les Temps Modernes.)* But while refusing to identify themselves with Jeanson or his network (several of whose members were recently sentenced to long terms of imprisonment), a large part of liberal opinion was stirred by both the Manifesto and the Jeanson trial. *France-Observateur* promised, in its issue of September 22, to publish an inquiry into the state of mind of the young in respect of military service in Algeria. The paper was promptly seized on instructions from the Ministry of Defense. In the following issue, dated September 29, it devoted two pages to "reactions" by young people to this vital problem; again the entire issue was confiscated.

THE confiscation of the two successive issues suggested that the government had made up its mind to ruin *France-Observateur* financially. Even more serious, perhaps, was a series of police raids on the homes and offices of a large number of left-wing intellectuals, among them the offices of the left-wing Catholic review, *Esprit.* Was this rather spectacular police drive part of the policy of a bewildered government which feels that it must strike at the Left in order to reassure the Right after certain gestures it had had to make against the extreme Right in recent weeks? For everything today shows that de Gaulle has increasing reason to be scared of the extreme Right — the Army, the Algiers *ultras* and their unnamed accomplices in metropolitan France.



France-Observateur

In the last few weeks, evidence has been piling up that the French Army is in a state of ferment, and that recent developments in Africa have started countless officers on a new gambit. As we know, de Gaulle did a great deal, in the last two years, to purge the Army in Algeria of the people most closely associated with the pronunciamento of May 13, 1958. About 1,500 officers were transferred to metropolitan France or to Germany, or in some cases to Black Africa. Now, events in the Congo and in Mali have convinced these Army cadres that de Gaulle's pleasant ideas on "association" in the case of Algeria would lead in the end to anarchy or internationalization, if not to communism; secondly, things like the Jeanson network and the Manifesto of the 121 convinced them that the time had come for setting up a ruthless regime inside France if "treason" were to be stamped out.

According to an inquiry made by P.M. de La Gorce in *L'Express,* the officers who had been transferred from Algeria to France or Germany are far from having been "neutralized," as de Gaulle had hoped. De La Gorce alleges that a military *putsch* had been prepared both in Paris and Algiers for September 29, and it was only with considerable difficulty that the secret police nipped it in the bud. But, says he, "this *putsch* has only been postponed." This view was expressed to him by "an official personality."

SOMETHING is brewing in France —perhaps something very sinister. Already the question is being asked whether an Army-cum-police conspiracy is not being prepared against de Gaulle with a view to either eliminating him, or annexing him, on the old principle of *se soumettre ou se démettre,* "submit or go."

De Gaulle is still being welcomed as a hero in a few localities of the Savoie as this is written, but in a city like Grenoble, with a large student and working-class population, he was received most coldly and even booed. There seems only one real possibility for de Gaulle: to stop shilly-shallying, and to join up squarely with the entire Left—students, teachers, trade unions and the working class; in fact, with the bulk of the nation—and dictate *their* will to the Army. But it is more than doubtful that he will ever do it. Instead, he keeps on appealing for "national unity" in a period when, because of Algeria, such "unity" is utterly impossible.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Hitler in Cinerama

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH. A History of Nazi Germany. By William L. Shirer. Simon & Schuster. 1,245 pp. $10.

Geoffrey Barraclough

FIFTEEN somber years have wrought a subtle and almost unperceived change in our attitude to Nazi Germany. The whole gruesome episode has lost reality. Other events have dulled the shock that stirred our consciences when the Nuremberg trials brought the foulness of the Nazis into full light. Once the A-bombs had fallen on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, we were up against genocide so breathtaking and horrifying that Hitler seemed a bungling amateur. Meanwhile, time was at work. Those like William Shirer and the present writer, who experienced the whole thing from its dim beginnings immediately after the First World War, are the club bores of the sixties; no one wants to listen to us, and people whisper that we are obsessed, hysterical and neurotically anti-German. In any case we are a fast dwindling band in a world that has moved on. For a whole generation — a generation which will soon be in the saddle — Hitler has become a historical figure. As for the Third Reich, it has merged into the past, as real and as relevant as all other empires which rose on the backs of men and perished, but no more real and no more relevant than Babylon or Suleiman the Magnificent or Napoleon.

Against this changing background, what sort of effect is William Shirer's history of Nazi Germany going to have? No one is better qualified than he to write it. From 1925 until America entered the war, he watched the German scene, a trained professional observer, and in 1945 he returned to pick up the threads. His *Berlin Diary*, published in 1941, has something of the quality of a documentary record, though (as he now says) "It is quite remarkable how little those of us who were stationed in Germany during the Nazi time . . . really knew of what was going on." Since then he has spent more than five years sifting the vast documentation, and now, in some 1,200 pages, he sets before us the whole degrading story.

GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH is the author of History in a Changing World *and other books.*

As a piece of reconstruction on the grand scale, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* is unlikely ever to be repeated. And yet it leaves me with a feeling of misgiving. Not that Shirer anywhere condones the Nazis. On the contrary, his loathing, contempt and indignation are implacable. What perturbs me is his emphasis on "new and sensational details" and "inside stories" (to use the publisher's phrases), his preoccupation with the coulisses "behind the façade of the Third Reich." Mr. Shirer guides us nearly all the time through the exotic circles of Nazi high life; surrounded by generals and ambassadors, we watch the pretentious world of Putzi Hanfstaengl and Birger Dahlerus, Nazi matrons like Helene Bechstein, intellectual gangsters like Naujocks and Schellenberg; and the dreadful thing is the fascination which (thanks to Mr. Shirer's skill in building up the atmosphere) their intrigues and maneuvers exercise on the reader's mind.

FOR those of us who experienced the reality and learned to see through it, this may not be dangerous. A younger generation, contrary to Mr. Shirer's intentions, may be more impressed by the melodrama than by the lessons. We all see what we want to in a book; and I fear that, as things are, what most readers will see is Hitler in cinerama, a modern equivalent of *The Last Days of Pompeii*, an apt scenario for another modish Italian film of decadent society. It is a terrifying thought that Mr. Shirer may unwittingly have popularized what he set out to condemn.

Of course, the Third Reich *was* lurid, melodramatic, sensational. But that is only part of the picture and not the most important. Because Mr. Shirer concentrates on the highlights, Hitler stands out from his pages as a Gangster King of monstrous dimensions, the *beau ideal* of juvenile delinquents, Nero and Tamerlane and Al Capone rolled into one. In reality he was less abnormal than he seems. In every continent today there are paranoiac dictators who would torture and bully and graft and murder and loot like Hitler and his *Gauleiters* — if they could. The difference is that they can't. What made Hitler unique was not superlative wickedness, but the fact that he could call on the German people to carry out his will. The real problem of the Third Reich is not Hitler and his henchmen, or the pliant generals, or the complicity of foreign statesmen: it is the Germans who willed Hitler, acclaimed Hitler, abased themselves before Hitler, sold their souls to Hitler. Without them he would have been nothing: with them he scourged a generation. And they are with us today, partners in NATO, still, like Hitler and Rosenberg, saving Western civilization.

No one understands this better than William Shirer. It is there in his book, if you dig about for it. Unfortunately the balance and flavor of the book is such that it is unlikely to strike the uninitiated reader. The available documentation (or that which has been most thoroughly worked over) highlights the lurid episodes, the antics of the *Gauleiters*, the pratings of the Nazi elect. What we most need to know, the thoughts and actions of eighty million individual Germans, is much less easy to document, though more could be done (one suspects) by a patient sifting less avid for sensational disclosures. As things are, Shirer's chapter on "Life in the Third Reich" is the thinnest in the book and the German people remain the lacuna in the story. It is an unfortunate outcome. For us today the actions and reactions of the eighty million who cheered and marched are more significant than the Führer's ravings in his bunker; for Hitler is dead, but these people, most of them, live on. Next time you visit Germany, you may sit next to a gas-chamber thug on the bus; and that fat woman guzzling cream cakes in the *Konditorei* may be an erstwhile murderess from Ravensbrück.

THE story of Hitler is not mere history, like Genghis Khan or Nero. The problems he inherited and created are still with us — particularly the problems he inherited. William Shirer is right, despite angry German retorts, to stress "the continuity of German history," to depict Hitler, not as an unhappy accident which Germans could not help, but as one link in a continuous story, extending back into the past and forward into the future. The point for us today is that this story did not end in 1945. Hitler swept Germany further than it intended to go, but he did not carry it in a direction it did not intend to follow, and the truly frightening thing about this book is not Hitler's megalomania but the blind way the Germans followed him, and still more the likeness it reveals between Germany before 1933

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and Germany after 1945. It was not Hitler but Seeckt in 1922 who announced that "the obliteration of Poland must be one of the fundamental drives of German policy"; and even the German resistance, planning a world based "on the principles of Christian ethics, justice and law," demanded "the 1914 frontier with Poland" which, though they did not say so, "was actually the 1914 frontier with Russia, since Poland had not been allowed to exist in 1914." Here, in foreign policy, there is a continuity which bodes ill for the future.

As for the German people, the smoke screen which descended after 1945 remains nearly impenetrable, but what little we know is the opposite of reassuring. Even at the end, when all was lost, Hitler demonstrated his power to rule Germany "by a mere word over his creaky wireless transmitter suspended" above his bunker in isolated Berlin. No one wishes to put the mark of Cain on a new generation of Germans; but until they have demonstrated by deeds — what their fathers so signally failed to do — that they have the will and the courage and the power to call a halt to their government, no matter whether it is Christian Democrat or Social Democrat or Nazi, we had better be on our guard. There are still Germans of the old school, like Neurath, "with few convictions and little integrity" in high positions in Bonn, and they are still capable of acting as Neurath acted. This, not the follies and blasphemies and monstrous crimes of the Nazi leaders, which figure so prominently in William Shirer's book, is its real lesson. "The loss of this war," Hitler proclaimed, "will destroy the German people"; but it is still there "resourceful but so easily misled," brash, bullying, self-pitying, the greatest danger to peace in our time.

Experience Came Naked

THE LIFE OF JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY. By F. A. Lea. Oxford University Press. 378 pp. $6.50.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY: SELECTED CRITICISM, 1916-1957. Chosen and introduced by Richard Rees. Oxford University Press. 306 pp. $7.

Vivian Mercier

FEW established writers can have carried less weight with the class of 1940 in England than Middleton Murry. Except for some pacifists and members of the Student Christian Movement, nobody at the British or Irish universities read him any more. He still found readers, but those who would make and break reputations in the decades to come had little use for him. Why? Well, he disagreed with T. S. Eliot and I. A. Richards, for one thing; Aldous Huxley had caricatured him in *Point Counter Point,* for another. Furthermore, he was regarded as having "betrayed" D. H. Lawrence and shamelessly exploited the literary reputation of his dead wife, Katherine Mansfield. The aura of preachiness surrounding his work made him seem ridiculous and/or hypocritical; as a critic he lauded Keats and ignored Donne. All in all, a hopelessly suspect and passé type.

If anything can now redeem Murry's reputation in England—he seems never to have cut much ice over here—F. A. Lea's biography should accomplish the miracle. Critical yet compassionate, admiring yet often gently mocking, this frank and detailed account of the Passion of J. M. M. moved me so much that I have read it through twice. It reveals a literary career which, like Gide's, reflected almost every intellectual and emotional current of the first half of this century. Like his French counterpart, Murry was strongly attracted by both communism and Christianity, but ultimately rejected both for a synthesis of his own. Murry's criticism, like Gide's creative work, merged with and found its fullest commentary in his autobiographical writings. For both men, every book must be either the fruit of personal experience or the record of that experience. Writing a book was itself an experience, out of which another book might grow. Though giving an impression in personal contact of shyness and introversion, each conducted much of his private life in public through the medium of print. The childhood of each combined intense intellectual stimulation with a stunting or warping of the emotions.

THERE, however, the resemblance ceases. Whereas Gide integrated his personality through an ever sharper affirmation of his individuality, Murry achieved the same end by opposite means, striving constantly for what Mr. Lea calls "self-abeyance," the loss or merging of the self in some greater unity. Murry's egotism, though real enough, was somehow defenseless by comparison with Gide's, making him suffer incomparably more in his personal relationships. His friendship with D. H. Lawrence and his first three marriages made up a crescendo of torment. In his own words, ". . . here is the bare record: my first wife, Katherine Mansfield, whom I loved passionately, died of T.B. at 33; my second wife, whom I also loved passionately, died of T.B. at 26, leaving two baby children; my third wife treated me and—for this was the crux—my children very cruelly. I stuck it for ten years, during which two more children were born: until finally I was warned, in no uncertain fashion, that I was being killed—literally killed." Only with his fourth wife, Mary Gamble, did he find the tranquil fulfillment that he had so desperately sought. A modern Candide, with all Candide's naïveté, he ended by quite literally cultivating a garden (and a farm), a contented husband and husbandman.

Murry lacked the artist's gift for making satisfying patterns of his chaotic experience; he frequently insisted, and Mr. Lea agrees with him, that he was not an artist or even primarily a literary critic. "My Socialism is just as personal as my criticism; and *is* my criticism in a new manifestation," Murry once wrote in his unpublished journal. His primary interest, in everything he undertook, was "What must I do to be saved?"—or at any rate what one must

VIVIAN MERCIER is on the faculty of the City College of New York.

Existence Before Essence

We rolled apart on the forest floor
—Remember?—sighing in our spent terror,
As Hector after one battle more,
Sighing, turned to the armor-bearer
With his black lance in that black war.

Dearest, then as the leaves plunged down
I knew the risk of such deep giving
—Leaves of aspen, leaves of rowan—
Knew the giving and the retrieving
Under a woods gone all nut-brown.

HAYDEN CARRUTH

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do to live the good life. "My concern," he wrote six months before his death, "has always been that of a moralist, and I have never been sufficient of the artist to be diverted from it. And yet the stubborn feeling persists that my 'concern' was shared in the old days by Lawrence and by Katherine: that I was, in some sense, their critical counterpart, and that the *kind* of seriousness we had has been lost. . . . We were all socially outsiders, quite without the social and domestic tradition which the Bloomsburys, Aldous Huxley, and expatriate . . . Eliot inherited. And, I think, experience came more naked and direct to us than to the others. To us, there was a sense in which they were all 'phoneys'. . . . Love meant more to us: we needed it more."

Murry never forgot that his grandparents, like Lawrence's father, were working class; his concern with morality resembles that of the new British writers who share his lower-class origin and upper-class education. Logically, they should hail Murry as their ancestor, along with F. R. Leavis and D. H. Lawrence. Their acclaim might restore Murry's reputation to the heights it reached in the twenties, when he edited the *Athenaeum* and the *Adelphi*.

SIR RICHARD REES'S selection from Murry's criticism strives to keep within narrowly literary bounds, but Murry refuses to be so confined. His critical viewpoint belongs, a century late, to the Romantic period: to him, every author worth reading is a prophet, not a prisoner at the bar or an examination candidate; every true work of literature is a holy book, not a "text" for "explication." Even if one does not agree with all of it, his "Reply to I. A. Richards" presents a brilliantly argued case for the Romantic viewpoint against the modernist one.

The writers with whom Murry identified himself most deeply — Lawrence, Keats, Shakespeare — naturally receive most attention in *Selected Criticism*, but his capacity for identification does not end there: Dostoevsky, Chekhov, Lessing, Rousseau and Whitman all cause him to vibrate in harmony with them—no less emotional phrase can adequately describe Murry's response.

But it is unfair to stress the personal nature of Murry's criticism too far: he can give perceptive treatment to writers, such as Proust and Spenser, who seem largely alien to him. What surprises me most is his capacity to handle abstract topics, as in the essays "Poetry and Prose" and "Metaphor." Besides his first-rate classical education and his encyclopedic reading, Murry possessed a fine intellect, though on principle he subordinated it more and more to his sensibility and intuition as he grew older. In contrast to the usual view, I am beginning to feel that the decline of Murry's reputation was due to a certain coarseness in his all-too-responsive sensibility rather than to any deficiencies of intellect. Perhaps the painful attrition of those first three marriages blunted an instrument which was originally delicate and precise.

Religion, Politics and Buses

THE SCHOOL BUS LAW. By Theodore Powell. Wesleyan University Press. 334 pp. $5.

Myron Lieberman

PUBLIC education in the United States has long been plagued by two problems, racial segregation and public-parochial school relationships. The racial problem is now being dealt with legally and intellectually. The solution may not be reached for many years, but its basic principles are already apparent.

Unhappily, we cannot say as much about public-parochial school relationships. Here, a solution is not even in sight, intellectually or legally. There is no lack of proposed solutions, but none currently appears likely to command the acceptance of a large majority of the American people. Conflict over public policy toward parochial schools may become one of the most divisive domestic problems of our generation. If the difference is not to become increasingly bitter, more people will have to read and take to heart the valuable lessons contained in such books as *The School Bus Law*.

Mr. Powell offers a case study of the 1957 Connecticut law authorizing communities to provide transportation for private school students at public expense. Since the school children involved were overwhelmingly students in Catholic parochial schools, the controversy over the law quickly developed into a Protestant-Catholic one. (As Powell points out, some Catholic partisans strenuously objected to characterizing the controversy in this way.) The book is highly readable, carefully documented, and goes to the heart of some of the most important domestic issues confronting the American people. Its title is not as challenging as *Humanities, Arise* or *Off With Their Heads*, but its content is far superior to the scapegoating and ax-grinding educational books which have become endemic.

One of the many virtues of the book is its concreteness. After setting forth the national and Connecticut situations with respect to legislation affecting parochial schools, Powell turns to a step-by-step analysis of the Connecticut bill. He discusses the factors that shaped the content of the bill, the supporters and opponents of it and their arguments; the role of the press, political parties, PTAs, legislators and other interested or should-have-been-interested parties. The narrative reaches a climax when the Speaker of the Connecticut House of Representatives has to break a 133 to 133 tie, but the summary and analysis of the aftermath are first rate.

NOTHING is more revealing in the book than Powell's critical analysis of the role played by Connecticut's religious leaders during the controversy. The essence of his criticism is that these leaders made almost no serious effort to reach an understanding with the leadership or constituency of other denominations. In discussing the behavior of the clergy on an issue that threatened to split the people of Connecticut, Powell states that only one clergyman "made any gesture toward compromise and reasonable discussion of differences. . . . His was a lone voice in a storm of controversy, and he went unheard. Never in the four local disputes nor in the long legislative contest on the state level did a Protestant minister and a Catholic priest sit down together to discuss their differences. Christian principles of brotherhood, it seemed, were not operative in this controversy." And elsewhere he observes, after providing ample data to support his position, that "The qualities esteemed by religious standards—persuasion, moderation, respect for the demands of another's conscience, forgivingness, a spirit of brotherhood that persists despite strong differences of opinion—these qualities were displayed by the politicians. The same, alas, could not be said for the clergy."

In this context, Powell was talking about Protestant and Catholic clergy. As the controversy became intense, Jewish groups simply took to the woods to avoid antagonizing either Catholics or Protestants. Indeed, the self-imposed

MYRON LIEBERMAN, The Nation's educational consultant, is the author of The Future of Public Education (*Chicago U. Press*).

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blackout of Jewish opinion during the controversy was itself a telling commentary on the climate engendered.

The silence of Jewish organizations was typical of the way in which normal extra-legislative processes broke down during the controversy. Most multi-sectarian organizations avoided the controversy because they feared irreconcilable internal divisions on it. Newspapers played it down, to reduce community tensions or because they feared that economic sanctions would fall on them if they took a position. In short, there was no public discussion and analysis, except by religious leaders who were not conspicuously objective. This is the paradox of religious controversy—a belief in the "fact" that it is irreconcilable leads to a public and educational blackout, and that makes it irreconcilable in fact.

Perhaps the most important lesson to be drawn from *The School Bus Law* is the need for religious leaders of different denominations to confer with one another instead of merely applying relentless pressure on their own denominations and legislators to hold to a predetermined position. As Powell points out, the religious leaders in Connecticut polarized the state, whereas the political leaders made the strongest effort to keep open lines of communication and persuasion. The situation called for collective bargaining. That device cannot be imposed by law in political-religious affairs, but the factors that make it successful in labor-management controversies are applicable to political problems, even those that originate in religious convictions or practices.

RELIGION has sometimes been a privileged political sanctuary, from which clergymen criticize the views of others while enjoying a certain immunity because of their cloth. This problem can best be solved by the clergy itself, for attempts by others to do so are frustrated by the very problem they are trying to eradicate. Powell does an excellent job of describing the dynamics of this immunity and the way it disrupts community consideration of a problem. But it is interesting that he himself never states whether he was or is for or against the school bus law. One can guess the reason for his silence. No matter how accurate his data or how carefully reasoned his conclusions, many readers might be lost to him if his book took sides on the bill itself. Nevertheless, it seems paradoxical that the best-informed person on this particular bill in the State of Connecticut should never tell us whether he is for or against it.

In fact, Powell's careful avoidance of a position on the bill itself is as significant as the blackout of Jewish opinion on it. Perhaps more so, because Powell is writing *ex post facto*. Procedural proprieties must eventually result in substantive decisions, and Powell offers no guidance at this point. He suggests that the importance of the bill was exaggerated on both sides, since only a few communities began transporting parochial students at public expense after the bill was passed. Yet think of a few Negro children in a hitherto all-white school. The symbolic effect of such an innovation may be far more important than the effects upon the students immediately involved.

Well, should communities be authorized to provide public transportation for parochial students? I don't think so, but we can be sure that more of them are going to provide it. I don't propose to lose any sleep over this, primarily because the issue isn't a crucial one in public-parochial school relationships. The extent of public control over the parochial-school curriculum and the qualifications of parochial-school teachers are of greater significance.

How will these issues be settled? The Connecticut bill was supported as a measure to protect the health and safety of children, but the bill was so drafted as to exclude children attending wealthy private schools. Some such illogical but workable compromises will eventually be worked out for the basic issues concerning parochial schools. Things may get worse before they get better in this area, but books like Powell's will help to keep the conflict manageable.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

WALKING up Sixth Avenue to the Museum of Modern Art the other day to visit the new exhibition, "Visionary Architecture," I passed a familiar New York sight in the block between 51st and 52nd—an immense excavation surrounded by a battered board fence. This is one of the larger and older of Manhattan's construction sites. William Zeckendorf dug it for the foundation of the Hotel Zeckendorf, deposing Toots Shor and other landmarks; but then, tiring, sold it to the Uris Brothers, New York's massive office merchants, who are now deepening it. A large sign above the fence says, a "43 story office building, completion spring 1962," will be built here, and when Percy and Harold Uris make such a promise, they don't procrastinate. They're impressively efficient builders, if usually of non-architecture.

It has become customary for these big signboards to include paintings of the buildings to be born, but this one did not bother. Above the rental information and credits was simply a large color rendering of blue sky. Probably the architect is still deciding what brand of curtain wall to show against the blue, filling out the zoning envelope; but it is also possible that the Uris Brothers have decided that they've already shown us what a conventional speculative office building looks like, so why bother to paint the picture again. Anyway, reality will be with us soon enough, early in 1962.

The exhibition at the Museum lacks the stunning practicality of this commercial vision, but it is more interesting in its own wild way. Hung with Arthur Drexler's usual skill, the largest part of the show is a number of fantastic speculations about what could or should be built to improve the dirty icebergs our big cities have become.

Most of the visions are nightmares too, little better than today's reality. Some of the architectural seers have brought rigid order to the immensity of the city; then, for kicks, have made

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it structurally fantastic, as if gymnastic engineering could be any comfort to a crowded, nature-deprived population. Not all of them are quite so stern. The less violent kind of urban vision achieves a dreamlike pleasantness by piling on turrets, vaults and curved shapes to create many-leveled pleasure domes, in dense combinations of Kubla Khan and Flash Gordon.

THIS is all provocative enough, but I think that the Uris sign, promising more congestion at 51st and Sixth, but not filling in the architectural details, is the real vision of our cities to come. Planners I've talked with recently are privately dismal on this point, no matter how upbeat their speeches. The only hope they see ahead is the optimism of desperation—a major depression that might provoke a vast federal program to pour many billions into urban renewal—ripping things down, planting trees and pushing part of the overpopulation of business out into city fragments surrounded by controlled countryside. But even these planners predict wryly that the federal fondness for never-ending skeins of roads, which give the cities more and more traffic to strangle in, would probably put highway construction before urban renewal.

This may make Le Corbusier the exhibition's most practical prophet, for in 1929 he proposed that the City of Rio de Janeiro build a combined highway and apartment house

> perhaps 14 stories high and as many miles long. . . . A highway along the roof would be served by regularly spaced parking areas . . . the space between each floor level would be rented by the square foot and families would build individual houses.

I don't know whether his suggestion is startlingly brilliant or ironic. He suggested it again for Algiers in 1950. The fact that he put a Moorish style house on one shelf in his drawing of this rack for living, recognizing the persistency of human nature, indicates some irony, I suppose.

This and most of the other immense schemes shown at the Museum could probably be built today. Even Kiyonori Kikutake's proposal for a marine city, to meet overpopulation problems on land, is convincing in its way:

> In this project pontoons carry a concrete deck like a raft. Piercing the deck and extending a hundred or more feet below the water are great concrete cylinders, lined with dwellings and other accommodations. Artificial land would form a vertical plan rather than a horizontal one. Houses would be attached to the wall, not the ground.

The proposal by Bruno Taut in 1917, "that the Alps be improved" by faceting them and decorating them with glass domes could probably be done, too, if someone would only pass the legislation, and call the Corps of Engineers.

Scattered among the large sociological solutions, the exhibition at the Modern also contains smaller visions, more aesthetic ones. The most stimulating of these is architect Frederick Kiesler's model of an "endless house," which, like a complex of caves, is a series of irregularly shaped spaces, linked to one another without precise walls, floors, or ceilings. Very rough, the free-standing cavern suite is a sophisticated piece of yearning toward the primitive environment if ever there was one. It shows just how fed up with formality and industrialism our architectural *avant-garde* is. Perhaps they can't be blamed for that in this slick, pathetically bleak city, carpeted wall to wall in contracts.

A chilling inclusion in the show is a set of photographs of the sets used in the 1936 movie version of H. G. Wells's *Things to Come* by designer Vincent Korda. It can be seen now that they are the product of prophetic genius—glib planes and surfaces with outcroppings here and there of interesting-looking machinery. One photograph could almost have been the north entrance lobby to the U.N. General Assembly. Nor is the flavor far from Park Avenue in the fifties. I suppose if we had any sense we'd be wearing plastic crash helmets in the taxicabs to complete that particular vision, the 1936 world of tomorrow come to pass, TV, architecture, Crest toothpaste and all.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

A TASTE OF HONEY by Shelagh Delaney, the young Englishwoman who wrote this play at the age of nineteen (Lyceum), is at once an example of the new "lower-class" milieu which has recently become an object of fresh interest on the London stage and an expression of a state of mind now becoming universal among those who share the spirit of our youth. It reflects a world in which everything once regarded as scandalous and abnormal is taken almost casually.

In Miss Delaney's play a somewhat loose lady arrives in a slum district of a Lancashire town with her seventeen-year-old illegitimate daughter. The girl resents her mother and continually insults her; the mother swears back and suggests that she is going to abandon the girl, who behaves as if she wouldn't mind that at all. The girl has an affair with a Negro sailor who never turns up again, becomes pregnant by him and in the absence of her mother (who disappears for a while to marry her lover) is befriended by a homosexual boy whom the girl has met at an art school.

All this is conveyed with humor, tenderness and very little sentimentality. We see that the girl who declares she hates love craves it desperately; we realize that the constant wrangling between mother and daughter is a perverse form of attachment and dependence. The relationship between the girl and her homosexual protector is perhaps the nearest these people will ever come to gestures of pure devotion. The author eschews pathos in telling of these events or in presenting her characters. They are the flotsam of modern civilization—we might once have called them "waifs"—but the feeling the play communicates is "Aren't we all?"

The world here is stripped bare of everything but its lonely souls whose impulses are all toward some form of friendly connection that is achieved only in fits and starts. Nothing on the outside seems to help these people: they are all cut off from what might be called society. These human beings are darling insects who lack all hypocrisy and whose direct expression of natural appetites includes spiritual as well as physical traits.

It is an endearing play. The directors—following the original Joan Littlewood production—frame it with jazz music, the nervous melancholy of which flavors the basically naturalistic text. There are other little condiments — like having some of the characters speak to the audience — which somehow "lighten" the atmosphere. This is characteristic of the new trend in contemporary drama (*The Hostage*, *The Connection*, etc.). The cruelty and terror of the essential matter must not be taken "tragically." Since life has become very nearly meaningless — in terms of the old tenets which nobody seriously believes — let us not be ponderously "square" in presenting it.

Joan Plowright is touching and oddly enchanting as the girl: she is plain, with eyes that fairly pop and gleam with wonder, mischief, curiosity and understanding. Her performance is funny and lovably lyric; it gives the play a little less "weight" than it had in London, where the excellent actress who played

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the girl was more earthily sensuous and violent. The present directors — Tony Richardson and George Devine — tend to call on the actors to play for laughs, which makes the play seem less original and less innocent than it truly is. For the quality that chiefly marks this shabby folk tale is *innocence*.

WHEN I saw Jean Anouilh's *Becket* in Paris last spring and was asked by a French friend my opinion of it, I ruffled him by saying I thought it amusing. What? "Amusing!" This play which some Parisian critics called "a tragedy of friendship," while others emphasized the exalted note in Becket's defense of the "honor of God" against the demands of Henry II who argues reasons of state. In its New York version (St. James) I should say of *Becket*, being kind, that it is a virtuous play for adults.

The explanation for these adjectives and description is that the play has little real intellectual, historical or moral substance, but is rather a sometimes clever recounting of events loosely culled from popular biographies. Henry II is shown as a lusty, good-natured oaf who is learning "things"; Becket as a worldling who, given the job of protecting the interests of the Church, finds it his gentlemanly duty to fight his former friend, who wishes nothing to stand in the way of his selfish desires. In other words, Becket's acts are prompted by a high sense of courtesy rather than by motives of religious faith. And there is no hint that Henry II laid the foundations of the basic English legal system. One perceives no real conflict of principle, no true definition of issues.

There are, however, quite a number of bright lines that reveal Anouilh's sophistication, quips and sallies in a variety of topics relating to politics, the Church, saintliness, that constitute the coin of conversation among intelligent grownups. But nothing is truly probed or revealed: no single creative idea or sentiment emerges. What is displayed is a shrewd employment of adult subject matter for purposes of facile entertainment on the educated level of the French theatregoer.

The Paris production — perhaps because it was more modest — was more fluent and more fun than the one at the St. James. If Laurence Olivier were not the very famous actor he is, I should not notice his portrayal of Becket, apart from listing the actor's permanent attributes: a fine voice, an impressive presence — both debonair and sad — a capacity to read lines beautifully. Anthony Quinn, also a good actor, serves honorably as Henry II without contributing to any style or meaning the play might have. Generally speaking, the production never seems to get off the ground.

IT IS always embarrassing to review a play like *The Wall* (Billy Rose Theatre) which Millard Lampell has based on John Hersey's novel about the terrible and heroic events that took place in the Warsaw ghetto between 1940 and 1943. The narrative detail is shockingly real but the play itself is poor in the manner of some of the lesser agitational plays of the thirties. Since nothing is done with the material except to thump it down on the stage without force of language, grace of thought, or craft of characterization, one asks exactly what propaganda point is being made.

For a moment as I watched the play I was seized once again with the indignation I have always felt against various statesmen, in England and France particularly, whose "cleverness" and tricky sense of expediency permitted the Hitlerian slaughter to overwhelm Europe. But this private reaction has very little to do with the play itself, which for all its use of pathetic situations remains dry and inert.

A cast of reputable actors has been assembled (the most vivid impressions are made by Joseph Buloff and by James Ray in a small part), but the writing and the direction seem to demand nothing of the actors except to strain their vocal cords and to pump the blood into their faces with "sincerity." The production must have been costly but even in the matter of scenic effects (off-stage shooting, arson, the sound of marching soldiers), the results are crude. One is reminded of the mother's complaint against the movies in *A Taste of Honey*, "They're getting to be like the theatre!"

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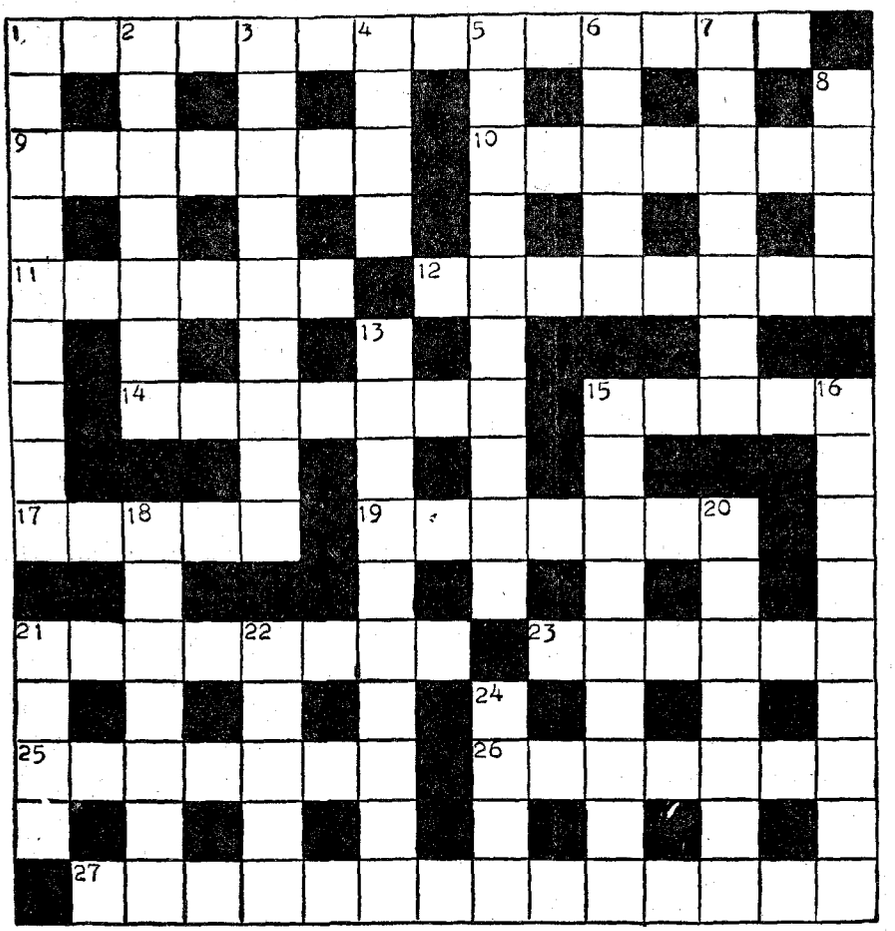

ACROSS:

1 One wouldn't expect a quick report here—the subject isn't a lively one. (8, 6)
9 The bright spot of any successful gentleman? (7)
10 Makes a movement away from the border. (7)
11 Complained about the condition of the track? (6)
12 Welcomed by the commission man, but spurned by his secretary? (8)
14 Get out of the dumps, to clean up with it. (4, 3)
15 Is introduced to 20 there, perhaps.
17 Found in gentry, but not the kind of fathers our country had coming in.
19 You might make a pile with this, if concerned with one in the plot! (7)
21 Proper seating's a source of trouble for one so large! (8)
23 and 1 down Things might be looking up for a literal version of the 4:10. (6, 2, 7)
25 In Henry VIII, Wolsey is described as a good and ripe one. (7)
26 We return it in a life associated with the sea. (7)
27 Proverbially tough characters, they're still yellow at heart! (4-6,4)

DOWN:

2 Evidently not a do-gooder. (3, 4)
3 Certainly not in a purposeful manner. (9)
4 Associated with a rather corny stance by Keats. (4)
5 A stage version of "Cinderella," for example, should be easy! (6, 4)
6 The country of costly diamonds?
7 No lack of restraint on hand, evidently. (7)
8 See 24 down
13 The character of Mozart's operetta is shown by whoever puts it on! (10)
15 The one in charge of the contest should play an important role in a strike. (9)
16 To be without Allied Headquarters would not be in good form. (9)
18 A tube of it implies a certain amount of trouble in climbing skill. (7)
20 Found consecutively on the ticket?
21 Wound the long way? (4)
22 With a fancy hat on, many a bath is! (5)
24 and 8 The employment of bitterness is a matter of old-fashioned suspense. (8)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 886

ACROSS: 1 and 30 The Great White Way; 5 Adroit; 11 and 17 A finger in every pie; 12 Lunatic; 13 Matador; 14 Winery; 15 Parasol; 18 Veering; 21 Seduce; 24 Refusal; 26 Violent; 27 Pronation; 28 Local; 29 Estate. DOWN: 1 and 10 Tattletales; 2 Eglantine; 3 Rosette; 4 Anarchy; 6 Dog star; 7 Oared; 8 Tendrils; 9 Firm up; 16 Sacred cow; 19 Instant; 20 Gallic; 21 Seventh; 22 Droplet; 23 Stilly; 25 Front.

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"I AM NOT GOING TO DO IT!"

SO STATED DR. LINUS PAULING on June 21st when he rejected the demand of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee that he disclose the names of other scientists who had helped him circulate a petition calling for cessation of nuclear bomb testing. The petition which was signed by 11,021 scientists from 49 countries was presented to the United Nations and the signatures are a matter of public record. Release of the names, Dr. Pauling says, could bring "reprisals against these believers in the democratic process." The committee violates the First Amendment to the Constitution in making the demand, Dr. Pauling says, and he has refused on the basis of "conscience, morality and principle."

Acting for subcommittee Chairman Eastland, Senator Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut has by intimation threatened Dr. Pauling with citation for contempt of Congress and a possible year in jail, if he again refuses to turn over the list at a public hearing of the committee in Washington October 11. Dr. Pauling is one of the world's great scientists, professor of Chemistry at the California Institute of Technology and a winner of the Nobel prize. His scientific work has led him to the realization of the dangers of nuclear testing and nuclear warfare.

We, the undersigned, support Dr. Pauling in his refusal to comply with the committee's demand. We urge you to add your support of Dr. Pauling and of the Bill of Rights by joining with us. Sign your name to this advertisement and send it to your Senators.

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DR. LINUS PAULING WILL SPEAK AT THE BILL OF RIGHTS ANNIVERSARY DINNER IN THE WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL, NEW YORK, ON DECEMBER 15th.

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